

## HL2 - The Combines II

by Digzahole

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Barney C., Gordon F.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-07 19:38:49

Updated: 2013-02-07 19:38:49

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:00:56

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 459

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Reacon Striders have attacked and Kleiner is dead - the only hope is getting rocket launchers from Black Messa - a place long abandoned.

## HL2 - The Combines II

They landed at Research Facilities and got out of the helicopter. "In there." indicated Barney, pointing Gordon towards a door with strange bloody claw marks on. "What are the claw marks?" asked Gordon. Barney hesitated, and came to look. "Strange, they weren't there before I set off." said Barney, sounding slightly worried. They opened the door to find an Alien Grunt waiting. Barney managed to barely dodge it, as it fell off the building and died. "Jesus Christ! That wasn't there before." sweated Barney. They turned on their flashlights and walked down the steps, a strange green goo flowing down the stairway.

Kicking down the door to Kleiner's Lab, they found the place had been overrun by zombies and Xen, with Barnacles on the ceiling, Zombies clawing down the door to where Kleiner was hiding and Gonomes everywhere. They pulled out pulse rifles and shot down most of them; a fast zombie torso grabbed Gordon's leg but his crowbar killed it. They opened the door, and found Kleiner, dead. There was note next to him and Gordon read it.

\_Day 136\_

\_Oh god no. Barney has just left to get Gordon from Overlook, but Striders tore the hell out of this place and zombies sent by the "Reacon Elites" have come and wrecked the lab. I think I am going to die. But the Reacon Soldiers are much worse!\_

\_They are trained seven hour sessions with hand-to-hand combat and gun practice for three hours. They can disguise themselves as any one they've seen and logged " one got on disguising its self as DOG and

hell, it was horrible.\_

Gordon looked up. "Striders are working with them for god sake? Hell, if I knew that I would of taken that damn rocket launcher back, how many are up on the radar?" he panted. Barney checked. "Two coming this way â€“" should arrive at sundown. It looks like Reacon's and Combines have mounted them."

Gordon slammed a fist on the table. "Jesus, why do these Reacons want to kill us so bad?" bellowed Gordon furiously. "Don't know." said Barney. "But hell, they're determined and that's no doubt." He picked up some bloody papers and read from them: "Strider horde." He paused and looked seriously at Gordon. "Gordon, the only place we can get rocket launchers are; are â€“ Black Messa. We abandoned that place because of Antlions â€“ bet its god damn crawling with Zombies, Combines and things that want us dead."

"Can't we just use combine balls?" asked Gordon weakly, sweating. "If we had any!" sighed Barney. "But no, we have to use Rocket Launchers, they're Reacon Striders. And they have armour on which couldn't be pierced with anything we have. So yes, that's what we have to do."

End  
file.